

## The Times' Daily Short Story.

## MAKING A REPUTATION

(Original.)

"Why, Mr. Peaks?"

"Upon my word, Miss Winter?"

With the surprise was embarrassment on both sides. They had both been visitors in the city during the winter; had met; Mr. Peaks had proposed and had been refused. Miss Winter was romantic and wanted a dandy. Mr. Peaks had no especial desire to break his neck or kill any one for Miss Winter, though he loved her. Now they had met at the seashore. He joined her and walked beside her.

"Fate seems inclined to throw us together," he remarked. "After all, fate knows what's best for us."

"I know better than fate," she replied.

"In respect to who shall be your husband?"

"I will marry no man who will not dare and do for me before I consent to be his wife. If he will not before marriage, I cannot expect it of him afterward."

"Will you put him to a test?"

"Possibly."

"You say that you will only marry a man who will dare and do for you; that you will test him and find out for yourself if he is that kind of a man. It all seems very plain, but you may be deceived after all."

"I don't mean that I will not marry any except one who would swim in dangerous water to pluck me a pond lily. My fancy is one who has that cool assurance we so often see in heroes in the theater, one who can look down the muzzle of a revolver and crack jokes with the enemy who points it at a man of assurance."

"Such situations are not to be called up at will, except in plays."

"Oh, I can tell the kind of a man I mean very easily."

They were strolling on an avenue lined on either side with cottages. The sun shone down upon these homes by the sea, glistening from their roofs and the vines which in many cases covered them. Miss Winter was without parasol, without hat. She loved the sunshine and would not interfere with its kissing her cheek.

"What a dainty little cottage," she exclaimed as they approached one of the residences, "and what a pleasant outlook there most be from that window, with its pretty white curtains, in the peak of the roof. See the vase of roses standing on the sill."

"Would you like one of those roses?"

Miss Winter cast a quick side glance at her companion.

"I rather think I would," she said.

"Very well, you shall have it if it costs me my life to get it."

Mr. Peaks pushed on to the gate, walked rapidly up the walk to the

piazza and, boldly opening the door, walked into the house. Miss Winter stood still, lost in admiration at the man's assurance. In a few minutes Peaks appeared at the window and was about to grasp a rose from the vase when he was suddenly drawn back violently. Then there was an occasional appearance within the room of Mr. Peaks sparring with a young man. The enemy looked younger and smaller than Peaks, who was evidently getting the best of him. At last Peaks dragged him to the window, where he held him with one arm around his chest while he carefully removed the vase with the other, then forced the man out of the window and held him suspended above the turf far below.

"Shall I drop him?" he called to Miss Winter.

"No; for heaven's sake, no!"

"I'll do it for your sake."

"For my sake stop. Come back here."

"Just as you wish."

He pulled the young man in the window, then seized a rose, and Miss Winter could hear the door slam. In another minute he came out of the front door and, joining Miss Winter, offered her the flower. The young man in the room, frantic with rage, came to the window and shook his fist, muttering maledictions.

"Well, upon my word," said Miss Winter, "that's the most impudent thing I ever saw done. What will the people in the house think of you? And that poor boy! You ought to be ashamed of yourself. He was no match for you whatever. Do you think they'll have you arrested?"

"What care I? Have I not made a test for myself and won?"

Miss Winter turned her face away and sniffed the rose. No more marked test of assurance could have been devised nor carried out more successfully.

"Do you think he will follow you?" she asked, referring to the young man who had incurred such hard treatment.

"No. He's nothing but a boy. I take no credit for having worried him. He doesn't want any more of it."

They walked on till they reached Miss Winter's hotel.

"I suppose I may call this evening?" said Peaks.

"Certainly."

Mr. Peaks called. He was really a very acceptable person, and now that he had fulfilled the conditions Miss Winter's romance had imposed there was no reason why she should not accept him, and she did so before he left her.

Mr. Peaks informed his fiancée that his mother was with him at the seashore. He would announce his engagement to her, and she would call the next day. Mrs. Peaks called, and when Miss Winter returned the call she drove up to the cottage where Mr. Peaks had proved his remarkable assurance. The young man he had trounced was his own brother.

MARY BROWN CHADBOURNE.

## SEEING THE FAIR IN DETAIL

Browsing in Wonderland Among Objects From Oregon—Huge Logs That Contain Great Possibilities—Beauties of the Burl—Apotheosis of the Pine Needle—Two Great Medicinal Plants. The Most Beautiful Game Bird in the World—Other Birds That Delight the Sportsman.

(SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE BY MARK BENNETT.)

A twelve room house built from a single log? Impossible! Not a bit of it, for there's the log. You'll find it in the open at the northwest corner of the Palace of Forestry. Here are two of the largest things of the world's fair—the largest squared timber ever exhibited, four feet square and forty-two feet long, and the largest round log ever brought intact to an exposition, a log nine feet in diameter and thirty feet in length. The square timber contains 12,000 and the round one 14,000 feet of lumber, board measure. Either would furnish enough lumber to build a twelve room house, and roomy rooms too. They are from Oregon. California shows a log of greater diameter, but it came to the fair in several parts.

Even a wide awake Oregonian can learn new things about his own state. This statement applies to the citizens and exhibits of all states. Governor Pardee of California said the other day after visiting the California exhibits: "I am prouder than ever of California. Her resources and riches are greater than I supposed. I have learned many things about California that I did not know before."

But I was speaking of Oregon and her forestry. It would take the Great Northern railroad 150 years to draw all the lumber out of Oregon. Must I prove it? Twenty trains a day, loaded with 250,000 feet of lumber, would carry 5,000,000 feet—in 365 days not quite 2,000,000,000. Oregon has 300,000,000 feet still untouched (I have Edmund P. Sheldon's word for it, and what he does not know about Oregon forests would keep other people guessing); therefore it would take 150 years to move the Oregon forests if they all were to stop growing.

Mr. Sheldon will show you that the forests of Oregon are in the western part of the state. Less than half the state is wooded. He has here ninety varieties of wood, all polished and in their best gear to show their cabinet value. Then, again, he has them just as they came from the saw in great planks. The entire backs of the long sections devoted to the display of these commercial woods.

Then there is the fancy part of the display and the forest byproducts. You may see pictures made by the dextrous painting of woods in their natural colors—landscapes and water scenes, fierce animals and gentle fowl—all in wood.

I had never thought much about burl till I had spent some hours at odd times among these forest shows. But the decorative possibilities in burl are beyond what most of us have contemplated. A burl is an excrescence or an overgrown knot. When the saw cuts through it and the surface is polished and varnished, the tangled, knotted, twisted grain is revealed, and nature's pattern is one that never loses its fashion or its beauty. Panels and table tops and a thousand other things of burl will never lack admirers.

Here in Oregon you may see the shredded pine needles for pillows and mattresses, pine needle oil bonbons for sore throat, pine needle cure for rheumatism, pine needle cigars, pine needle soap, toilet water, face cream, ointment and what not. The aroma of the pine needle you may have always with you, far more curative than the horse chestnut in your trousers pocket.

Oregon has two great medicinal products which she sends out to the rest of the world to keep us well or make us so—grape root and cascara. Of the grape root only the root is used, and you are liable to have it in your next prescription. The tree is ten to fifteen feet tall, sprawling and unhandsome, but good. Of cascara bark Oregon shipped a hundred car loads last year, says Sheldon. I like to fall back on Sheldon. These medicinal trees grow wild and abundantly, and the prescription counter may continue to flourish.

To come back to Sheldon again, don't fail to see his herbarium. If you should make a herbarium make it like Sheldon's, with wings on a post and all the plants and flowers and kindergarten records of trees arranged like a giant book whose pages are wood and glass, where every plant of Oregon looks back at you with a lifelike smile and a perennial gladness.

The greatest thing in Oregon is here only by virtue of the camera—the mountain scenery. The snowy birthplaces of glaciers, the peaks of Mount Baker and Mount Hood, are here only in pictures, but what pictures! Her millions of desert acres waiting for the development of irrigation possibilities are evidenced only by maps. Camera prints of forests strike one with awe. You may look down forest roads that seem like canyons with timbered walls. Referring to the round log mentioned in my first paragraph, Mr. Sheldon said: "I saw that tree when it was cut. It was 200 feet to the first limb, and the tree made seven logs containing over 40,000 feet of lumber."

Oregon has longed for more settlers to share her riches, and these are the things she has brought to show you to prove the truth of tales she may have told.

But I'm not done with Oregon till I

have told you of the game birds. Adjacent to one of Oregon's three forestry exhibits in the Palace of Forestry is a section where you may spend pleasantly some of your moments asking and seeing. Let your artistic self ask your inventive self how you might repaint the Chinese pheasant to improve its beauty. Solomon and the glory of his surroundings are to this bird as thirty centavos to the Bonanza mine. The Chinese pheasant has the plumage of the orient and grace of royalty. He is royal indeed as a game fowl. Out in Oregon they call him the denny bird because Judge A. V. Denny introduced him from China about twenty years ago. Originally twenty-eight pairs, the birds have multiplied with marvelous aptitude at figures under the protection of law till they are millions. Only in October may they be shot legally, and eighteen is the limit for any one sportsman.

I spoke of the raiment of these pheasants. Here's where my pencil halts, as it would halt at the glorious cascades, the rich floral embroidery of the sunken gardens or the parterres of Transverse avenue in the world's fair. Color and its combinations baffle the best of us. Feebly, then, the gorgeous male pheasant has markings of rich red about the eyes, black above the beak, changing to iridescent blues, greens and gray. Two green tipped tufts an inch long shoot out above the ears to give him grace and verve. The throat and neck are iridescent dark blue. About the neck he wears a white collar an inch wide, but narrow at the throat, as if it were but pinned neatly, and a perfect fit it is. The breast is iridescent brown, the back of feathers brown and black with edges tipped with green. Then comes an area of brown and white feathers and then light blue hair-like feathers. The wings are drab tipped to pearl and mottled with white. His tail is six long large feathers, two of them a full two feet in length. The female wears a gown of pretty silk in several shades of brown, with mottlings of black—not without beauty, but very modest indeed beside her lord.

The Chinese pheasant is a fighter, and exclusion laws would have no terrors for him. He has driven other valued game birds from the lowlands of the Willamette valley to the wooded foothills and mountains. Here are some of the vanquished sitting in state beside him for visitorial inspection.

The mountain quail in his delicate blue garb, an inhabitant of the old slashings and thick copse; the English quail, an importation, and the valley quail are all such birds as the sportsman loves to see and, in the eye of nature lovers, too beautiful to shoot. Here, too, is bobwhite, all the way from the Carolinas, a follower of civilization. Not many years ago he was unknown in Oregon, but he loves cultivated fields, and here he is, as if shouting his name to the countryside on the western side of the Rockies. The beautiful ruffed grouse, with his dark epaulets, is here, but no longer from the lowlands of the Willamette, for the Chinese pheasant now lords over his old domain. The ruffed grouse is an easy mark and is becoming scarce. Any kind of a dog can scare him up, and he will sit on a bush while any kind of marksmen with any kind of blunderbuss brings him down. The blue grouse is a timber bird, a noisy drummer who lives on bugs and sprouts. Take a look, too, at the sharp tailed grouse and wish yourself in Oregon in the open season.

The ptarmigan is a way north bird, but Oregon claims a few of them. Here are two with their pure white plumage, the snow color that denotes their arctic preferences. At other seasons than winter the ptarmigan appears in several shades of brown—dark, mottled and light. Copper pheasants from Japan are under the protection of law. Twelve kinds of ducks stand among the game birds, from the black jack and gray winged teal to those old favorites, the canvasback and mallard.

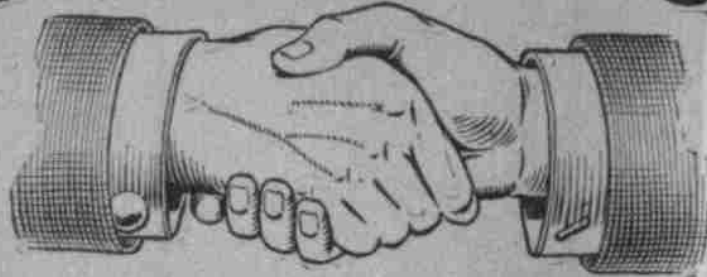
Alongside the game birds are the fish. Oregon makes but one display, the royal chinook salmon, the red fleshed fish best known in the east, as a tinned article. No true Oregonian can sound too highly the praises of the royal chinook, the highest development of the salmon whose home is the Columbia river.

A touch of life is given to the Oregon section by a pen of twelve live Chinese pheasants which William G. Hare, the superintendent of the fish and game exhibit, has just installed.

Fair Grounds, St. Louis.

Bees in a Parlor. In a fashionable drawing room in London a great lady keeps a hive of bees. The open window gives her pets a chance to hunt for honey in Hyde park, which is near at hand.

## WELCOME SOAP



## Always Reliable

More Borax is used in the manufacture of Welcome Soap in One Year than in all the other soaps sold in New England in Five Years.

## IN BOSTON MARKETS.

Quotations on the Leading Products That Are in Demand.

Boston, Aug. 24.—Butter has advanced for the better grades under good buying and a moderate supply. Northern creamery, 24c; western, 24c; dris, 17c; dairy, 17c, @18c.

Cheese is also firm and higher, with the receipts falling off. Round lots, York state, 16c; Vermont twins, 16c; @18c.

Eggs are firm for choice nearby and henry stock, but western receipts are still large and prices are barely steady. Choice nearby, 28c; eastern, 28c; western, 28c; @29c.

Beans are firmer and going still higher. Carrot lots, pea, 14c; @15c; medium, 12c; yellow eyes, 12c; @13c; red kidneys, 12c; @13c; California small white, 12c; @13c; foreign pea, 12c; @13c; foreign medium, 12c; @13c; @14c; @15c; @16c; @17c; @18c; @19c; @20c; @21c; @22c; @23c; @24c; @25c; @26c; @27c; @28c; @29c; @30c; @31c; @32c; @33c; @34c; @35c; @36c; @37c; @38c; @39c; @40c; @41c; @42c; @43c; @44c; @45c; @46c; @47c; @48c; @49c; @50c; @51c; @52c; @53c; @54c; @55c; @56c; @57c; @58c; @59c; @60c; @61c; @62c; @63c; @64c; @65c; @66c; @67c; @68c; @69c; @70c; @71c; @72c; @73c; @74c; @75c; @76c; @77c; @78c; @79c; @80c; @81c; @82c; @83c; @84c; @85c; @86c; @87c; @88c; @89c; @90c; @91c; @92c; @93c; @94c; @95c; @96c; @97c; @98c; @99c; @100c; @101c; @102c; @103c; @104c; @105c; @106c; @107c; @108c; @109c; @110c; @111c; @112c; @113c; @114c; @115c; @116c; @117c; @118c; @119c; @120c; @121c; @122c; @123c; @124c; @125c; @126c; @127c; @128c; @129c; @130c; @131c; @132c; @133c; @134c; @135c; @136c; @137c; @138c; @139c; @140c; @141c; @142c; @143c; 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